HUSH THE
MOUSE off the HOB.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

2. The LAKE of KILARNEY.
3. *SHEELA NA GUIRA.*
4. The *Elegy* of *Sir J. COLTHURST.*

22.

DUBLIN: Printed by *W. JONES*, No. 4, *formerly* 18, *Green-Street*;

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The ſorrowful Elegy made upon Sir JOHN COLTHURST, who loſt his Life by a Challenge in the City of Dublin.

GOOD people I pray to me lend an air,
This tragical ſtory I have to declare;
Concerning *Sir John Colthurſt*, that brave worthy Knight,
In defence of his country he loſt his ſweet life.
He was courageous and valiant, its very well known,
But theſe ſcheming Court-parties would not let *Sir John Colthruſt* alone;
As he was going to the Houſe of Lords they groſsly abuſed him,
And ſaid he was a header of Right Boys.
Likewiſe they ſaid he was a diſturber of peace,
And bringing the Right Boys to ſhame & diſgrace;
But brave *Sir John Colthurſt* called them liars to their teeth,
Saying, here's my glove as a challenge, and to-morrow we'll meet.
Theſe cowardly Members were not able to move, (Sword;
Then brave *Sir John Colthurſt* on them drew his
Saying, I'll die for my country, like a true patriot,
And againſt the beſt of ye all I will fire a ſhot
Then they accepted his challenge without more de'ay, (next day;
At nine in the morning they were to meet the
With revenge and malice, with envy and ſpite,
Reſolved they were to take *Sir J. Colthurſt*'s life.

It was then near Dublin, on a pleaſant green,
Where thouſands went admiring this great chal-
lenge to be ſeen;
No ſooner they arrived at the critical mark, (off.
They loaded and then fired, their two piſtols went
Then our brave Munſter hero he looked all
round, (ground,
Expecting to ſee his challenger's dead body on the
He cries out, *Sir J. Colthurſt* my life do ſpare,
For a large family I have, to you I declare.
Its very well known I'm a true born Knight,
For the rules and laws of Munſter and Right Boys
I'll fight;
There's no court party ſhall ever have it to ſay,
That I brave *Sir Colthurſt* like a coward ſhould
go away.
The Gentlemen perſuading them to make peace
at laſt,
But this old blinking warrier put on his ſpy glaſs;
Then they fired two rounds with powder and ball,
To our great diſolation brave *Colthurſt* did fall.
The widow and orphans for him may bewail,
Likewiſe the poor Right Boys that's confined in
Corke and Limerick goals;
Brave *Colthurſt* is dead who to Munſter prov'd a
friend, (ſpill.
If he was a living the innocent blood would not
May God bleſs all honeſt hearted men,
That thoſe courſes and rules of the Right Boys
may refrain,
Sir Colthurſt is gone that would them refrain,
And turn thoſe poor Right Boys quite clear out of
Goal.

Huſh the Mouse *off the* Hob.

MUNSTER Jack is gone to the North
Under his arm he carries his wallet,
Every town that he went through,
He made the Ladies all taſte of his ſallad.

CHORUS.

Huſh the Mouſe off the hob,
Beat the Cat in under the table;
He that cuts the Mutton up
May huſh the Cat if he be able.

Now Munſter Jack is come to town,
With his Head as big as a Mallit;
All the tune that he could play,
Was, huſh the Cat out of the Wallet.
Huſh the Mouſe, &c.

There was a Piper liv'd in a tent,
Huſh the Cat if you be able,
And the Piper paid no rent,
So huſh the Cat from under the table.
Huſh the Mouſe, &c.

SHEELA NA GUIRA.

ALone as I walked a fair ſummer's Morning,
When Flora's gay bounty the Earth was adorning,
Filling with fragrants the graves and green bowers
Beſpangling the meadows and valies with flowers,
I juſt entered the mace of a ſweet ſcented grove,
Where *Silvan* wild Corriſters chearfully rove,
And with muſical harmony chanted their Love,
On a roſy green Bower in rural attire,
I eſpied that fair Creature, call'd *Sheela na Guira*.

Her ten-thouſand charms join'd in ſplendor,
Aſſur'd me that my poor heart muſt ſurrender,
But fearing ſhe was an immortal beauty,
To ſuffer, like Actean, for ſuch breach of duty;
But for to be fully convinc'd of the ſame,
I trembling approached this beautiful dame,
And in great confuſion I aſked her Name,
Were ſhe *Flora*, *Arora*, or fam'd Queen *Demira*,
She anſwered I'm neither, I am *Sheela na Guira*.

Amaz'd I ſtood gazing and view'd her all over,
And then when I did my amazement recover,
Reſpect prevented me for to diſcover,
How I had become her paſſionate Lover,
But quickly reflecting, ſhould I now forbear

And unto this fair one my torments declare,
Should I be abanded to grief and deſpair,
My heart then perſuaded for to draw nigh her,
And to addreſs this Fair *Sheela na Guira.*

Hail matchleſs fair Maiden divine conſolation,
Moſt aimable object of my admiration,
Behold I a ſlave, by your charms confounded,
A poor bleeding object that lies deeply wounded,
Where the powers of Nature did certainly join,
And model each feature with graces divine,
That you my ſweet creature fairly outſhine,
Fair *Helen*, ſweet *Venus*, or fam'd Queen *Demira*,
In beauty refulged ſweet *Sheela na Guira.*

Pray Sir no more of your inſolent revenge,
For I do aſſure you it's far from your believing,
Admirable fine ſpeeches by which you endeavour,
To ſhew what Nature has done in my favour,
Therefore be perſuaded and this council take,
Among the fair Ladies of whom you do ſpeak,
Fair *Helen*, ſweet *Venus*; or fam'd queen *Demira*,
Are more worthy objects than *Sheela na Guira.*

But worthy fair maiden bear me with patience,
Your words like ſharp arrows augments my vexation,
My ſpirits are ſinking in deep preterbation,
And a ſlave to pail ſorrow without conſolation;
Surrounded with ſufferings in this ſad conſtraint,
In hopes of prevailing I make my complaint,
In Love ſcorching flames at your feet I'll expire,
Except you appeaſe my ſweet *Sheela na Guira.*

Your Love Sir ſaid ſhe is Mound Ednas flames,
And you leſs it ſhould be by a virgin eſteem'd,
No pre em in biaſtate this hot love containeth,
For ſoon it grows cold and ſharp arrow remaineth
Your love like the Oar that's like fire refin'd,
True-love's like the droſs that remains behind,
A flame more refine you needs muſt acquire,
To win the leaſt favour from *Sheela na Guira.*

Her delicate ſpeeches at this time en age me,
Much more than her beautiful perſon engaged,
For none of my batteries I could command her,
She bravely ſtood under a virtuous ſtander,
In this confuſion I thought in my mind,
Could I perſnade her of Love ſo refin'd,
I tn be a Permer and ſhe to prove kind,
Then like Priamus reſol v'ed to expire,
Or gain the laſt favour of *Sheela na Guira.*

Then embracing her knees with emotion,
Saying, Madam ſuch zeal is paid in devotion,
To die I deſign, could I not adore you,
Therefore conſider my vows I implore you;
May the ſufferings of Aſſital fall to my ſhare,
Or the torment of Tantulus bear,
Or may two wild Wilſters my body tear,
Or periſh like Herculas Fantick in fire
If e'er I prove falſe ſo you *Sheela na Guira.*

Then full of ſweetneſs, ſaid ſir, your behaviour,
Perſuades me now to decla: n your favour,
Your vows have convinc'd you're no deceiver,
Now let my love recompence you for ever.

But conſider the ſnowy white fleece if once ſtain'd,
Its purity that never can be regaind:
Your vows and your honour together expire,
When e'er you prove falſe to your *Sheela na Guira.*

Now I being bleſs'd with joy beyond meaſure,
My arms intice as goddeſs of treaſure,
Her kind condeſcention did augment my bliſſes,
Whilſt I lay in raptures diſſolv'd by her kiſſes,
It's now for ever this charmer I'll adore,
Deſpiſing the wealth of the African ſhore,
No Sion per uval nor Maxican oar,
No ſtate nor ambition, nor title require,
I've more than them all in my *Sheela na Guira.*

FINIS.

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